

DOCTOR STRANGE / THE PUNISHER

MAGIC BULLETS



MARVEL

INFINITE
COMICS

006



UNLOADING AN ENDLESS
SUPPLY OF *MAGIC BULLETS*
INTO AN ENEMY DESERVING
OF HIS WRATH.





UNLOADING AN ENDLESS
SUPPLY OF *MAGIC BULLETS*
INTO AN ENEMY DESERVING
OF HIS WRATH.

AND FRANK CASTLE
SAYS HE DOESN'T
LIKE THIS "*MYSTICAL
NONSENSE.*"






UNLOADING AN ENDLESS
SUPPLY OF MAGIC BULLETS
INTO AN ENEMY DESERVING
OF HIS WRATH.

AND FRANK CASTLE
SAYS HE DOESN'T
LIKE THIS "MYSTICAL
NONSENSE."

I WON'T LIE. I'M NOT
COMFORTABLE WITH THE
PUNISHER'S TACTICS.

BUT THE FUSILLI SIBLINGS
MADE A GIANT MONSTER
FROM THE BODIES OF
INNOCENT CREATURES.


THEY HAVE TO
BE STOPPED...



...AND THE VISHANTI
KNOW WHAT ELSE THEY'VE
CONCOCTED WHILE WE WERE
GETTING TO THE PHANTOM
EAGLE'S BIPLANE.

YOU, UH,
YOU CAN LET ME
GO ANY TIME YOU
WANT.

MAYBE
DROP ME
OFF AT THE PARK.
EVEN TIMES SQUARE
WOULD BE
OKAY.



BUT THE FUSILLI SIBLINGS
MADE A GIANT MONSTER
FROM THE BODIES OF
INNOCENT CREATURES.

THEY HAVE TO
BE STOPPED...



PUNISHER--I
REALLY DON'T WANT
TO SHOOT--

--I RESPECT
WHAT YOU DO,
USUALLY, BUT PUT
DOWN THE--



PUNISHER--I
REALLY DON'T WANT
TO SHOOT--

--I RESPECT
WHAT YOU DO,
USUALLY, BUT PUT
DOWN THE--



UH.
WELL.

JUST
STOP *DOING*
THAT.

SORRY,
OFFICER--



PUNISHER--I
REALLY DON'T WANT
TO SHOOT--

--I RESPECT
WHAT YOU DO,
USUALLY, BUT PUT
DOWN THE--



--NO
TIME FOR CHIT-
CHAT.

OW! QUIT
IT! HOW COME
YOU CAN SEE
ME?!

LUCRETIA,
HELP!



LIVIO,
YOU IDIOT.

I TOLD
YOU NOT TO GO
OUT THERE.



LIVIO,
YOU IDIOT.

I TOLD
YOU NOT TO GO
OUT THERE.



OKAY,
MANGROVE.
MY DUMBASS
BROTHER IS
IN TROUBLE.

PUNISHER'S
GOT SOME KIND OF...
WELL, I DON'T KNOW
WHAT. BUT HE CAN SEE
THROUGH YOUR
INVISIBILITY
CRAP.

SEND THE
BIG MONSTER
OUT TO **SQUISH HIM**
SO I CAN GET BACK
TO THE KINGPIN.



LIVIO,
YOU IDIOT.

I TOLD
YOU NOT TO GO
OUT THERE.



OKAY,
MANGROVE.
MY DUMBASS
BROTHER IS
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PUNISHER'S
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WELL, I DON'T KNOW
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THROUGH YOUR
INVISIBILITY
CRAP.

SEND THE
BIG MONSTER
OUT TO **SQUISH HIM**
SO I CAN GET BACK
TO THE KINGPIN.



"BIG MONSTER"?
YOU **DEFILE** WITH
WORDS.

THIS
BLASPHEMOUS
BEHEMOTH IS YET
TOO **WEAK...**



LIVIO,
YOU IDIOT.

I TOLD
YOU NOT TO GO
OUT THERE.



OKAY,
MANGROVE.
MY DUMBASS
BROTHER IS
IN TROUBLE.

PUNISHER'S
GOT SOME KIND OF...
WELL, I DON'T KNOW
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SEND THE
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OUT TO **SQUISH HIM**
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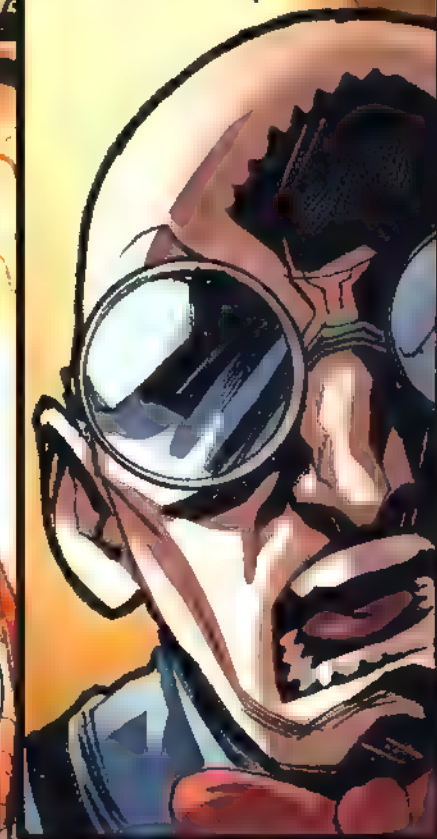
...AS I HAVE
EXPLAINED.

I REQUIRE
THE **DEAD** TO
FEED THIS NAMELESS
BEAST. I PROVIDED
YOU WITH
SOLDIERS--

--IN
RETURN I NEED
VICTIMS!

"BIG MONSTER"?
YOU **DEFILE** WITH
WORDS.

THIS
BLASPHEMOUS
BEHEMOTH IS YET
TOO **WEAK...**







FINE.
YOU LOT...



...GO
MAKE SOME
VICTIMS!



DOCTOR STRANGE

THE PUNISHER

MAGIC BULLETS

PART SIX

Writer: **John Barber**
Storyboards: **Jason Muhr**
Artist: **Domonike "Domo" Stanton**
Colors: **Andres Mossa**
Lettering: **VC's Clayton Cowles**
Assistant Editor: **Allison Stock**
Editor: **Darren Shan**
Executive Editor: **Nick Lowe**

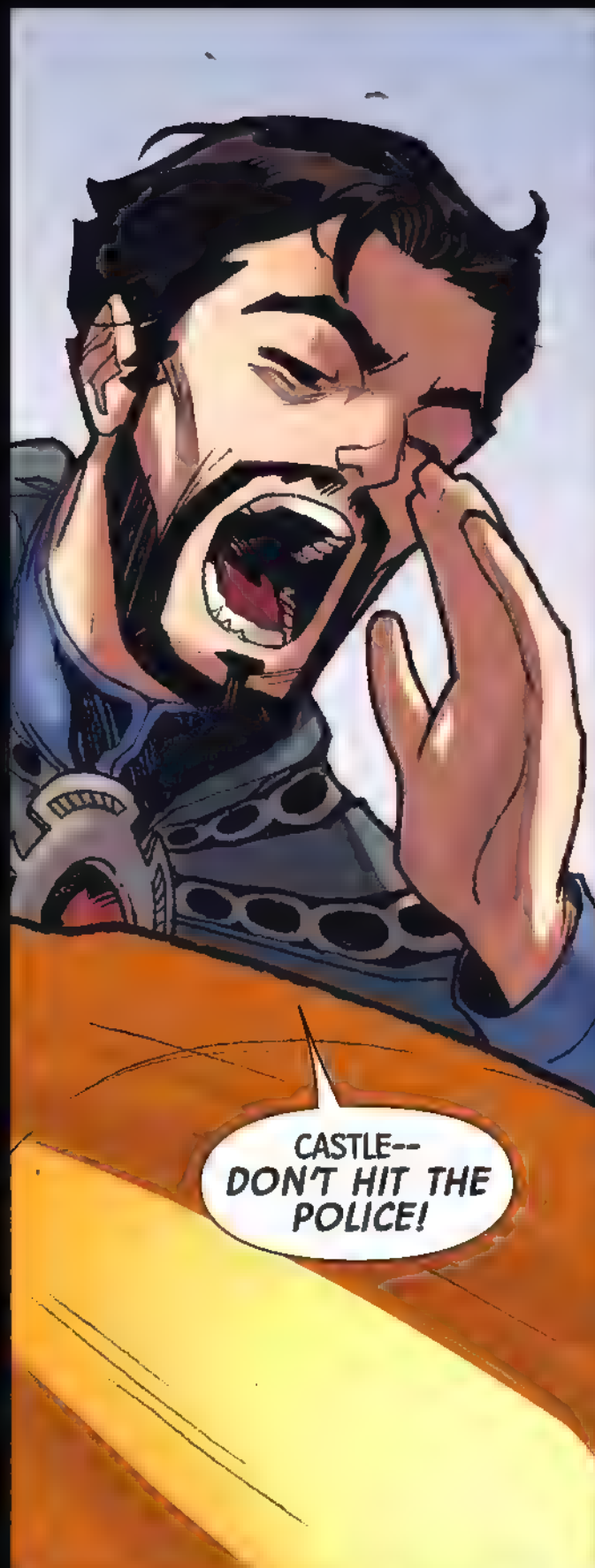
Production: **Annie Cheng**
Production Manager: **Tim Smith 3**
Editor in Chief: **Axel Alonso**
Chief Creative Officer: **Joe Quesada**
Publisher: **Dan Buckley**
Executive Producer: **Alan Fine**

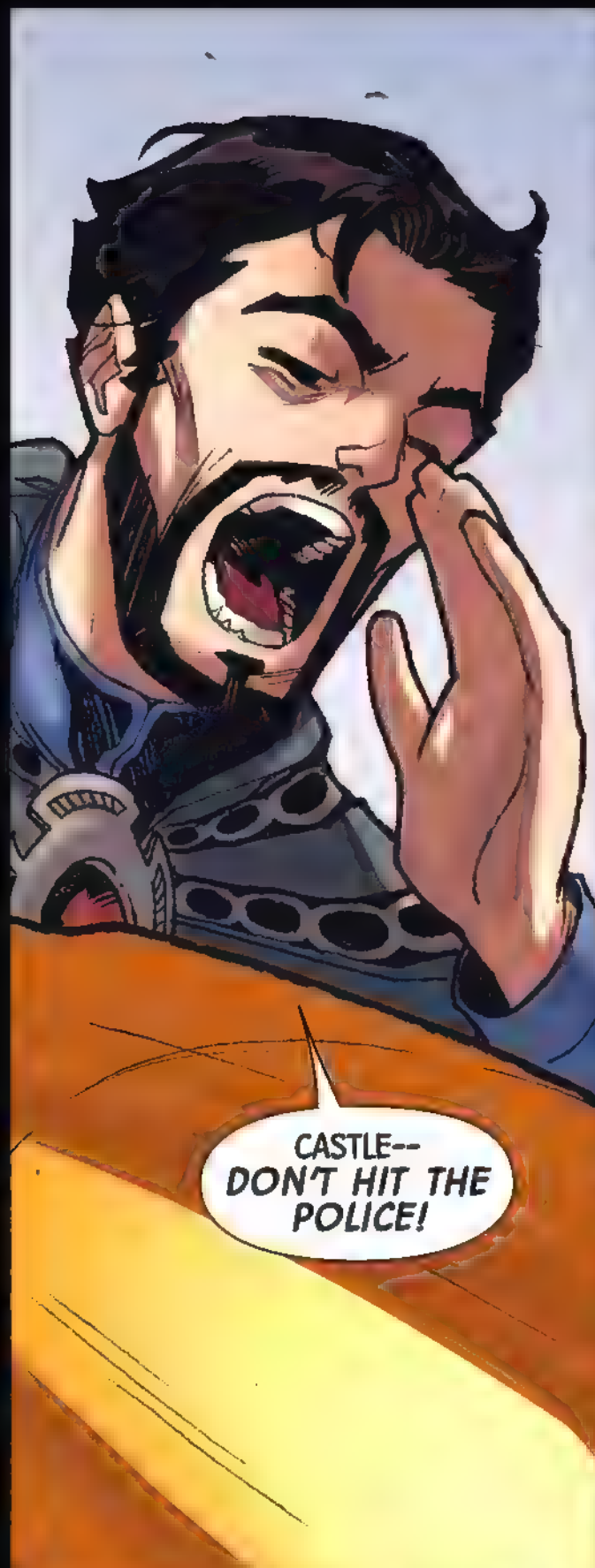
Doctor Strange created by **Stan Lee & Steve Ditko**
The Punisher created by **Gerry Conway & John Romita Sr.**

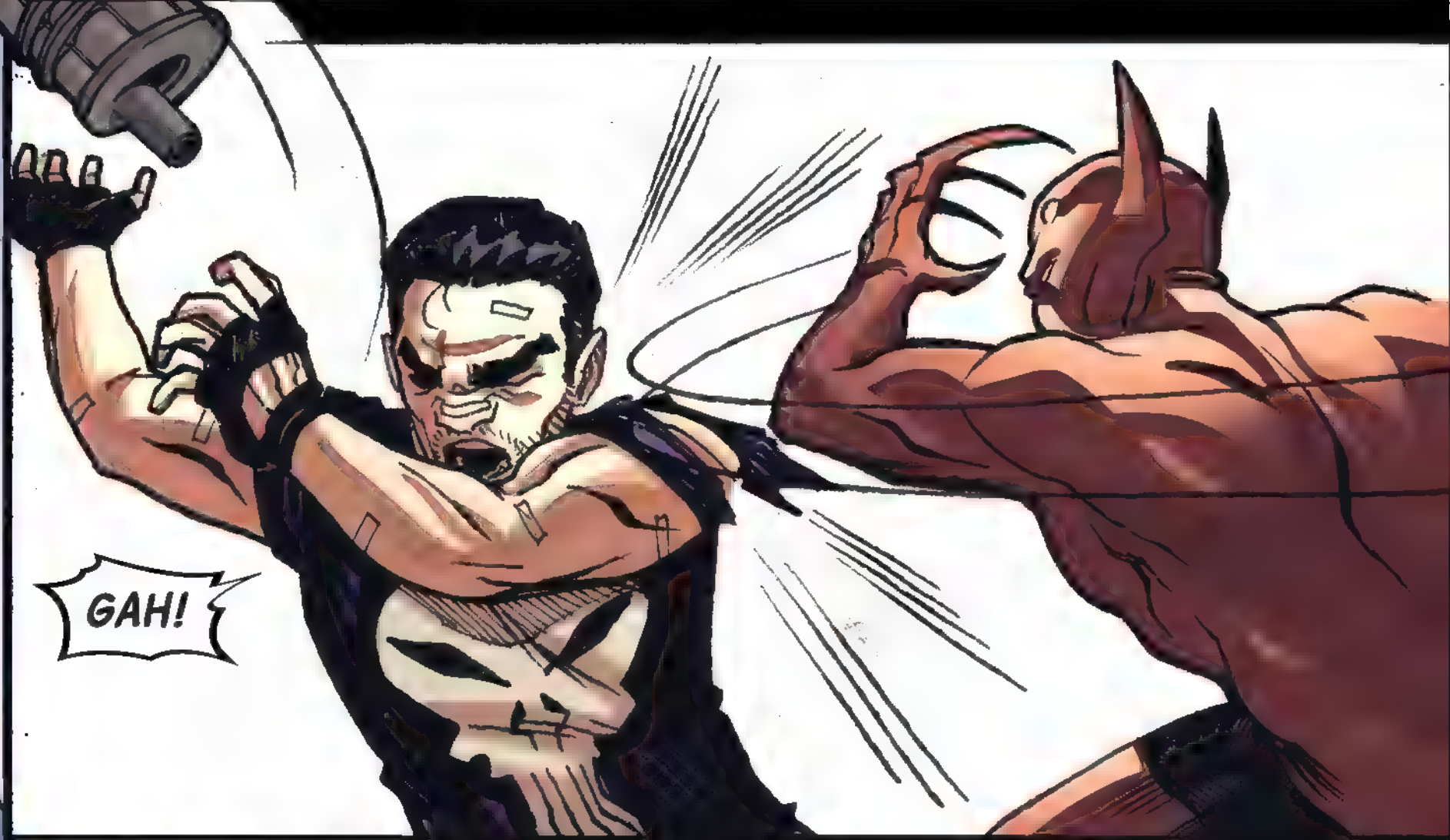






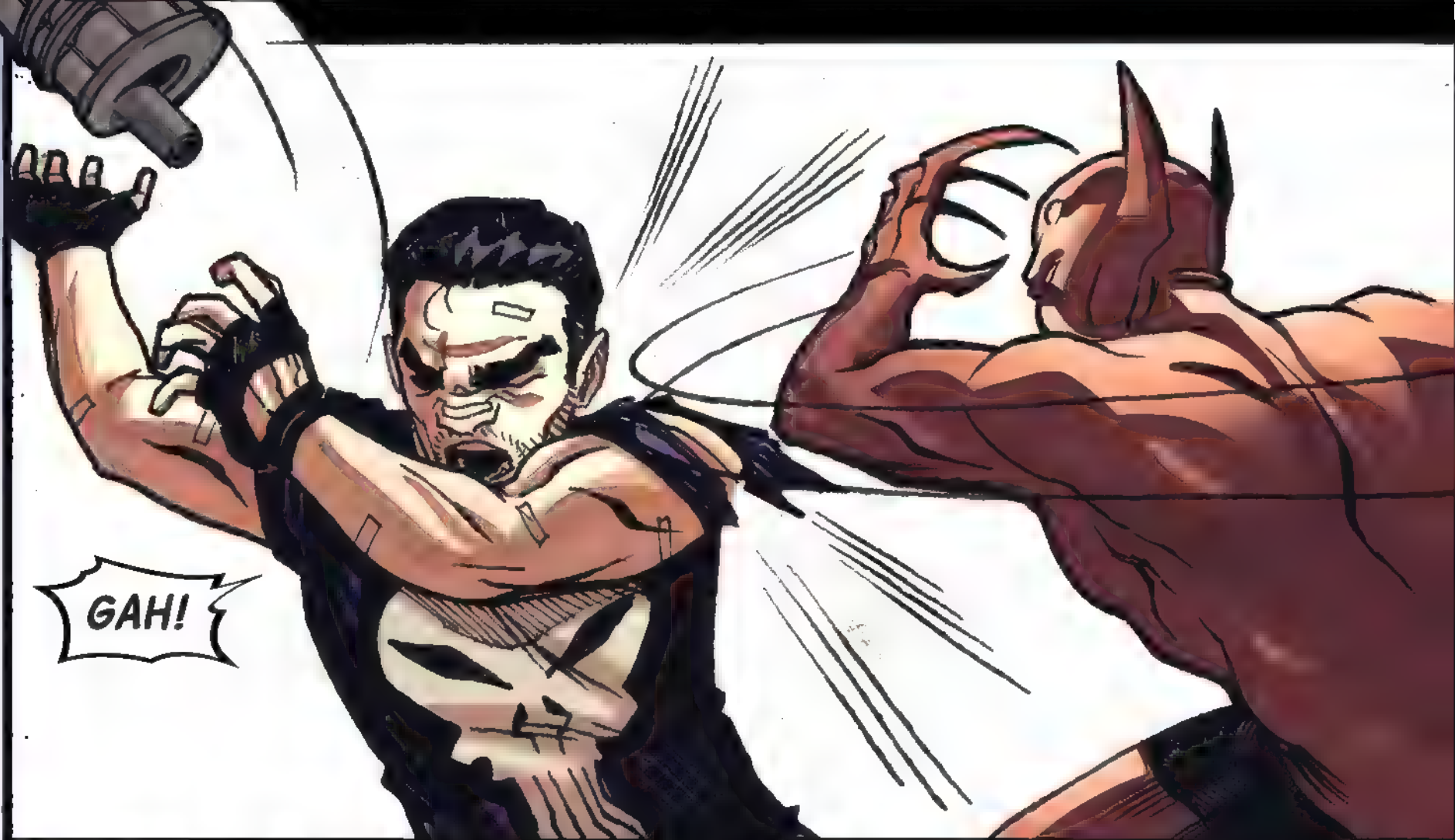




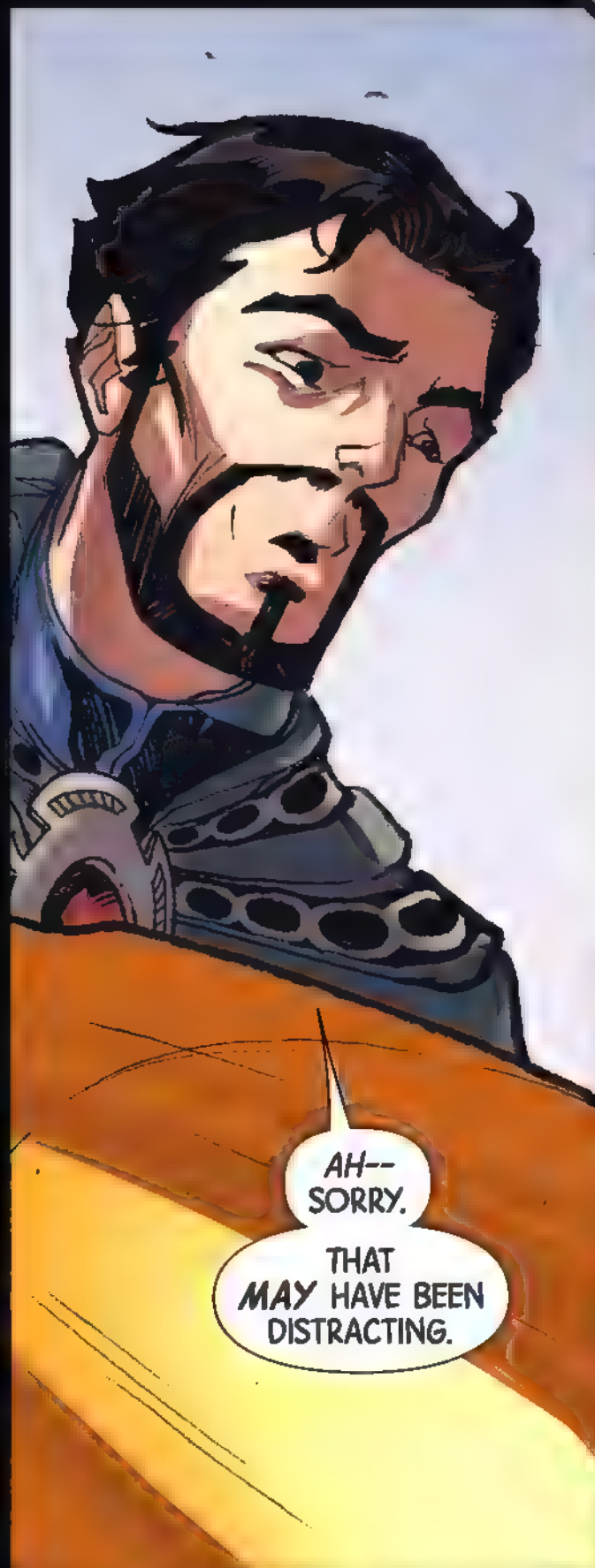




AH--
SORRY.
THAT
MAY HAVE BEEN
DISTRACTING.



GAH!



AH--
SORRY.
THAT
MAY HAVE BEEN
DISTRACTING.

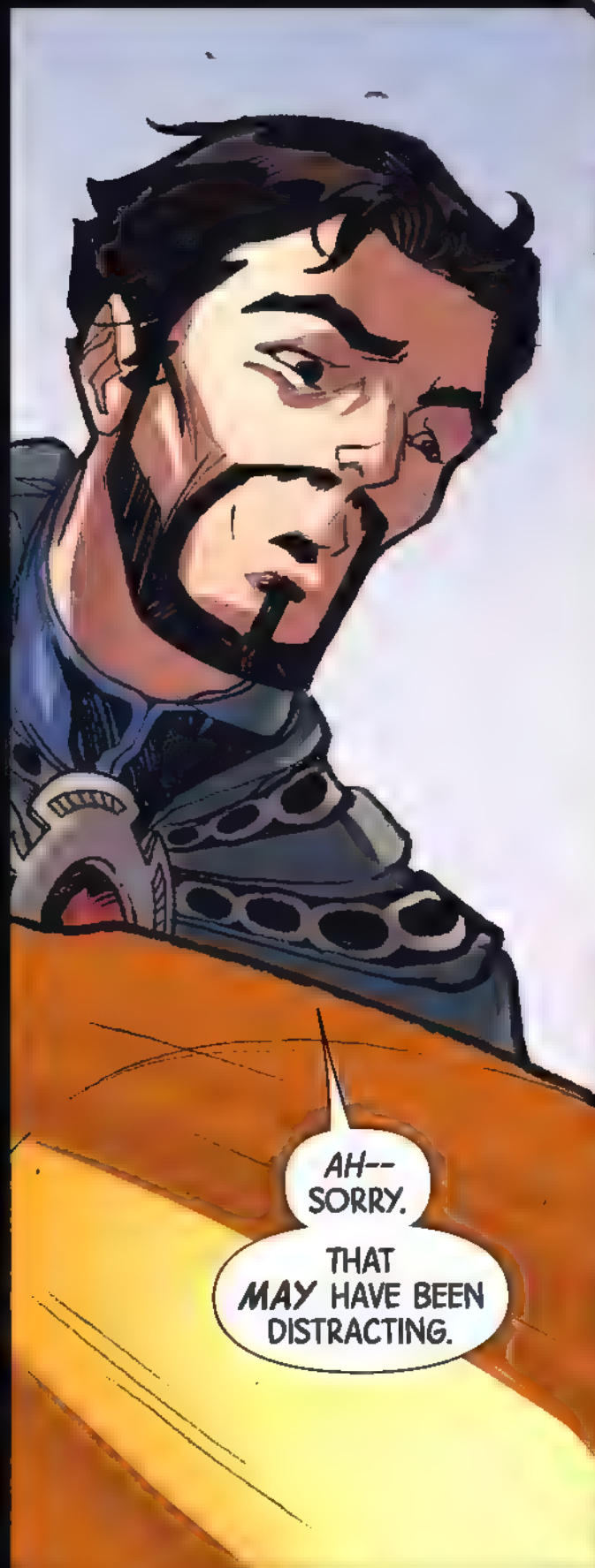


GAH!



THIS
IS WHY I WORK
ALONE.

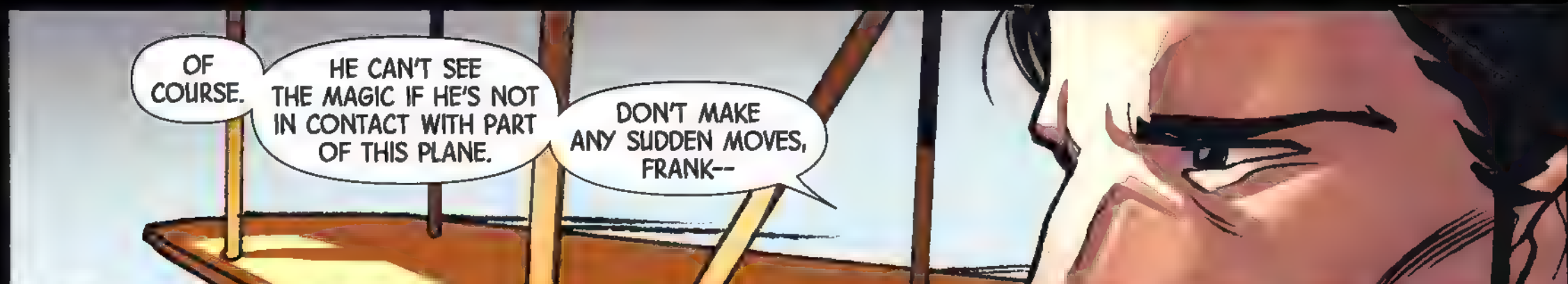
WHERE DID
THE MONSTERS
GO?!





FRANK--
LOOK
OUT!

WHAT IS
HE--BLIND AND
DEAF ALL'A
SUDDEN?





--I
GOT YOUR
BACK.

SCHLUP



--I
GOT YOUR
BACK.

SCHL



WHAT
THE HELL WAS
THAT?

RGG. FELT
SOMETHING.





A comic book panel featuring a man with a skull on his black t-shirt and blue pants, kneeling in a crime scene. He has a determined expression and is wearing fingerless gloves. Yellow police tape with the words "POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS" is strung across the background. The scene is dimly lit, with a strong light source from the left casting shadows. The man's right arm is extended forward, and his left hand is clenched into a fist.

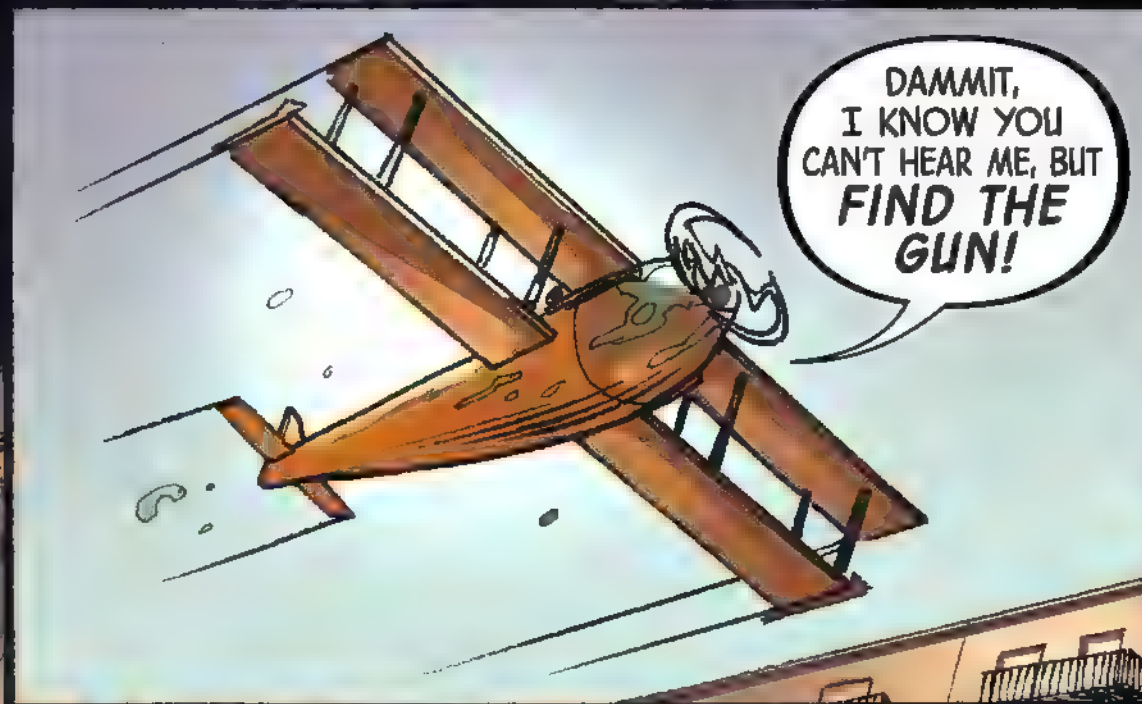
STUPID MAGIC
NONSENSE.

GUN'S
AROUND HERE
SOMEWHERE.

STUPID MAGIC
NONSENSE.

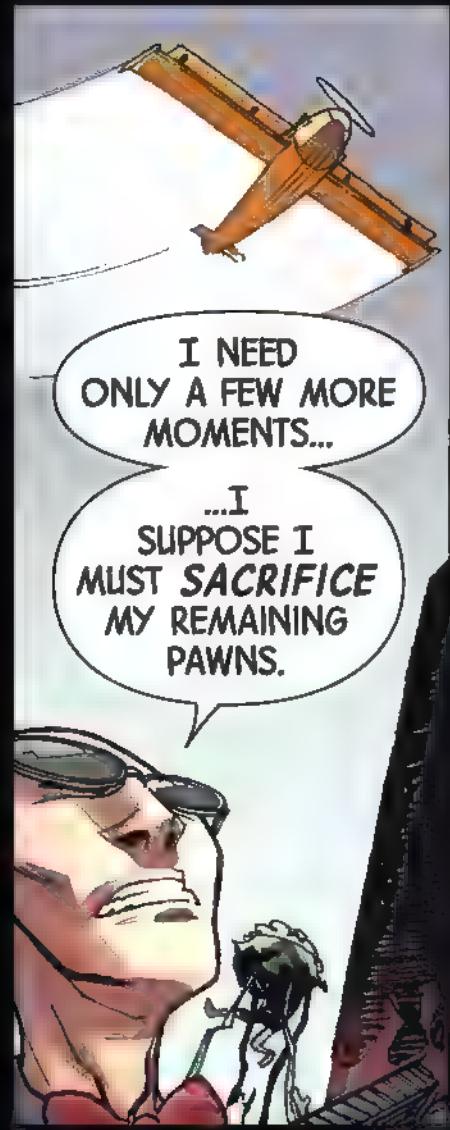
GUN'S
AROUND HERE
SOMEWHERE.

DAMMIT,
I KNOW YOU
CAN'T HEAR ME, BUT
**FIND THE
GUN!**



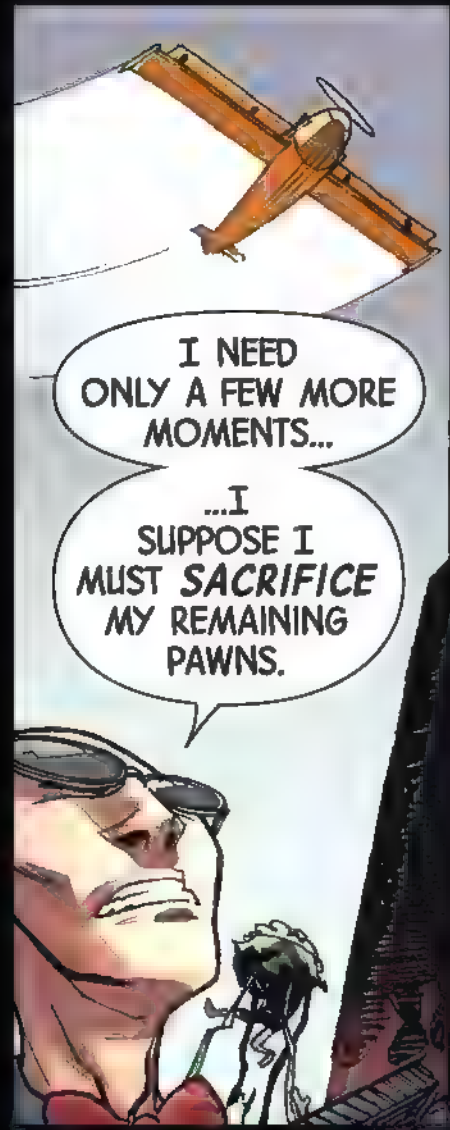


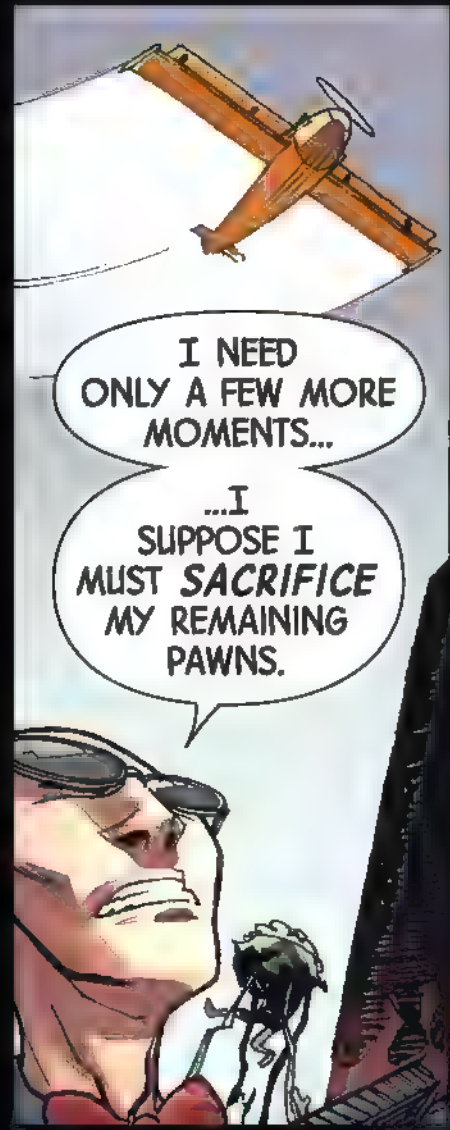




I NEED
ONLY A FEW MORE
MOMENTS...

...I
SUPPOSE I
MUST **SACRIFICE**
MY REMAINING
PAWNS.





I NEED
ONLY A FEW MORE
MOMENTS...

...I
SUPPOSE I
MUST **SACRIFICE**
MY REMAINING
PAWNS.

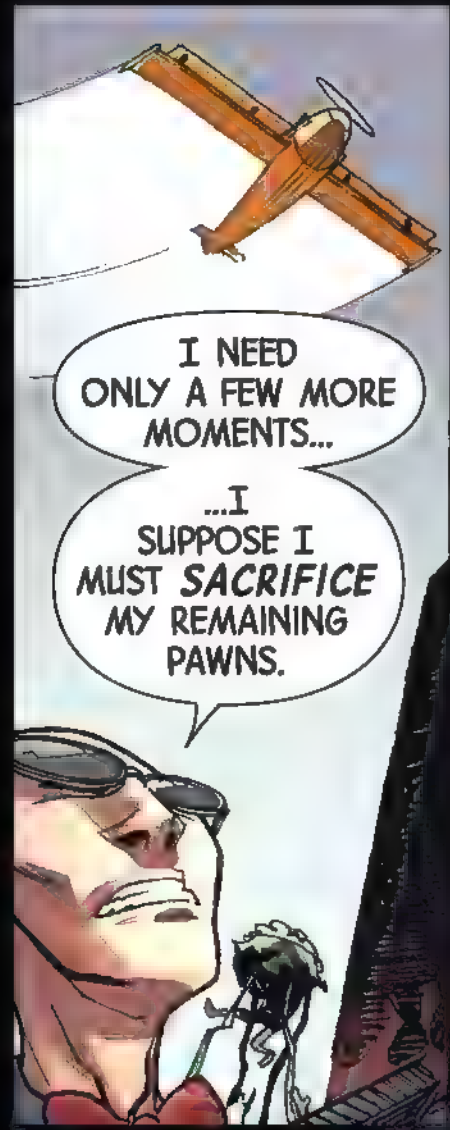


WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

THEY'RE **MY**
SOLDIERS.



ELEMENTUM
RECOLLIGO HUIC
COMMODO LOCUS
MIHI VESTRI
VOX.



I NEED
ONLY A FEW MORE
MOMENTS...

...I
SUPPOSE I
MUST **SACRIFICE**
MY REMAINING
PAWNS.

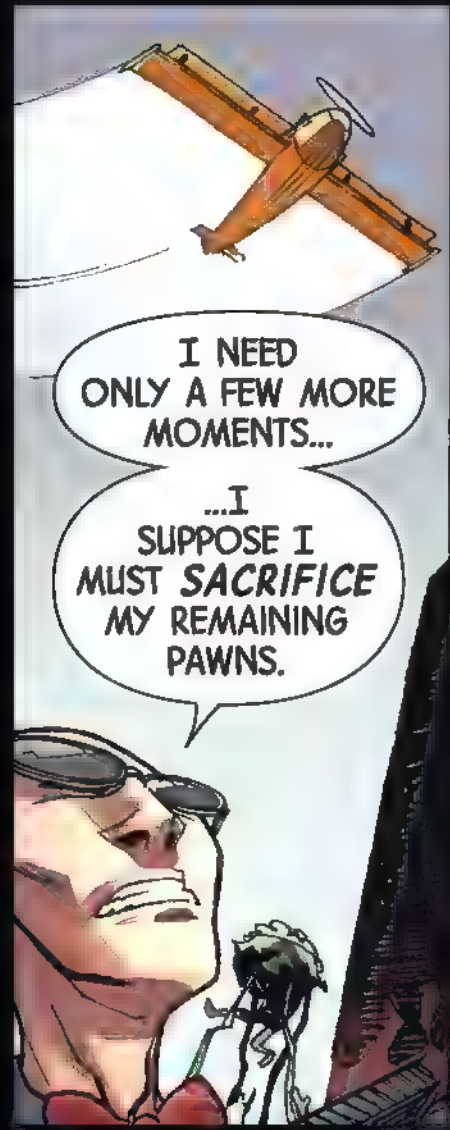


WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

THEY'RE **MY**
SOLDIERS.



PERMISSUM
PLUIT ES EST MEUS
NOS SIC VADUM IS
EXSISTO.



I NEED
ONLY A FEW MORE
MOMENTS...

...I
SUPPOSE I
MUST **SACRIFICE**
MY REMAINING
PAWNS.

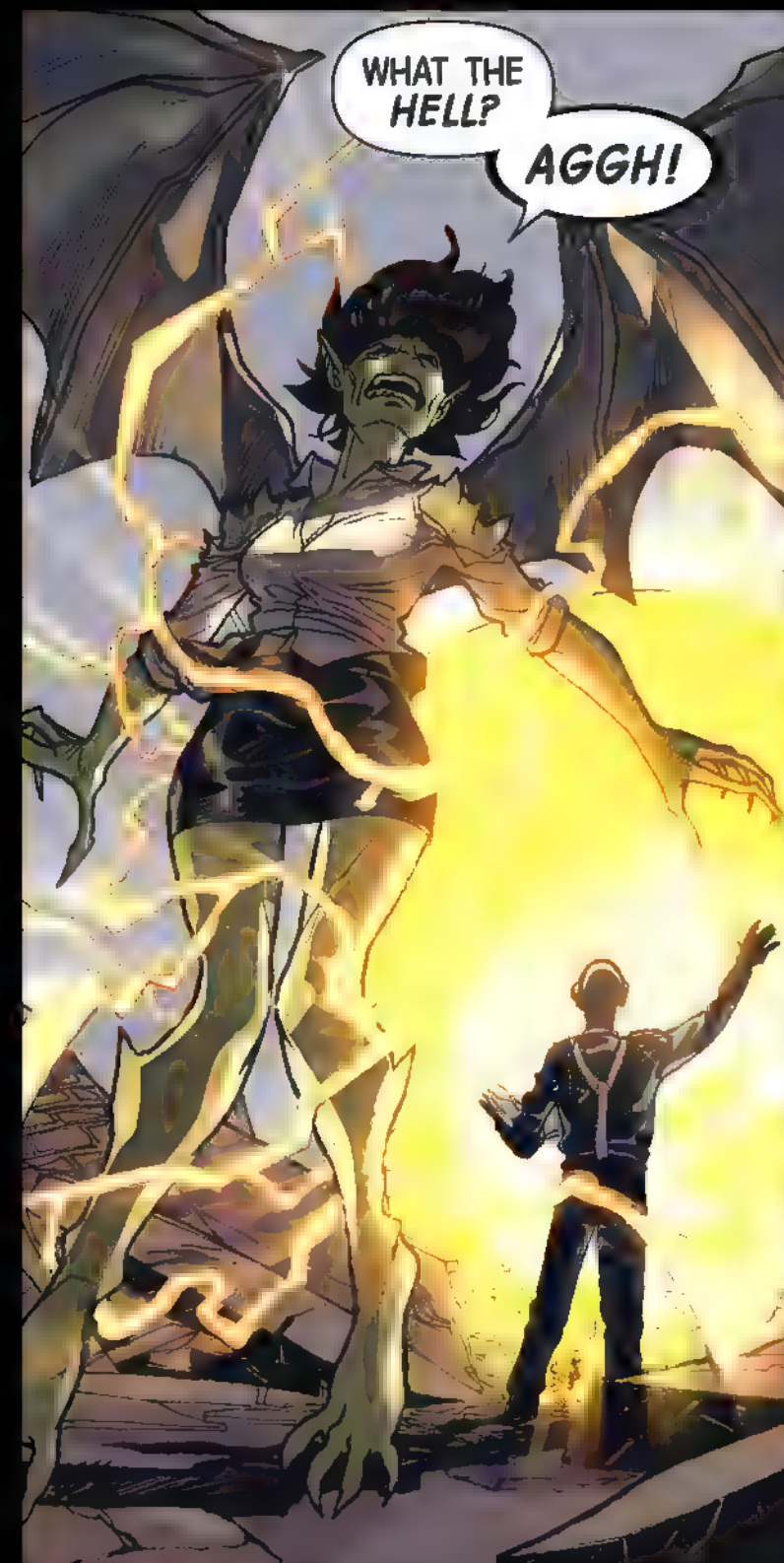


WHAT ARE
YOU **TALKING**
ABOUT?

THEY'RE **MY**
SOLDIERS.




PERMISSUM
PLUIT ES EST MEUS
NOS SIC VADUM IS
EXSISTO.



WHAT THE
HELL?

AGGH!



SPECTRAL ENERGY...THERE
SIMPLY SHOULDN'T BE
THIS MUCH **FREELY**
AVAILABLE ON EARTH.
OR ANYWHERE.

THE **PORTAL** MUST
LEAD TO A **POCKET**
UNIVERSE, RELATIVELY
UNTOUCHED WHEN
MAGIC WAS
DESTROYED...

SPECTRAL ENERGY...THERE
SIMPLY SHOULDN'T BE
THIS MUCH **FREELY**
AVAILABLE ON EARTH.
OR ANYWHERE.


THE **PORTAL** MUST
LEAD TO A **POCKET**
UNIVERSE, RELATIVELY
UNTOUCHED WHEN
MAGIC WAS
DESTROYED...

...BUT IT SEEMS A VERY
SPECIFIC SORT OF POWER.

RAWWWK?!

TING PINK PLING

BRAKKA
BRAKA



SPECTRAL ENERGY...THERE
SIMPLY SHOULDN'T BE
THIS MUCH **FREELY**
AVAILABLE ON EARTH.
OR ANYWHERE.

THE **PORTAL** MUST
LEAD TO A **POCKET**
UNIVERSE, RELATIVELY
UNTOUCHED WHEN
MAGIC WAS
DESTROYED...



...BUT IT SEEMS A VERY
SPECIFIC SORT OF POWER.

RAWWWK?!


TING PINK PLUNC

BRAKKA
BRAKA



OW...
WHAT'S **THIS**
NOW?

STATIC
ELECTRICITY?



WASN'T
IT STATIC
ELECTRICITY THAT KILLED
MALONEE AND
SHOTWELL?



UHHH...

...NNNNHHHH--



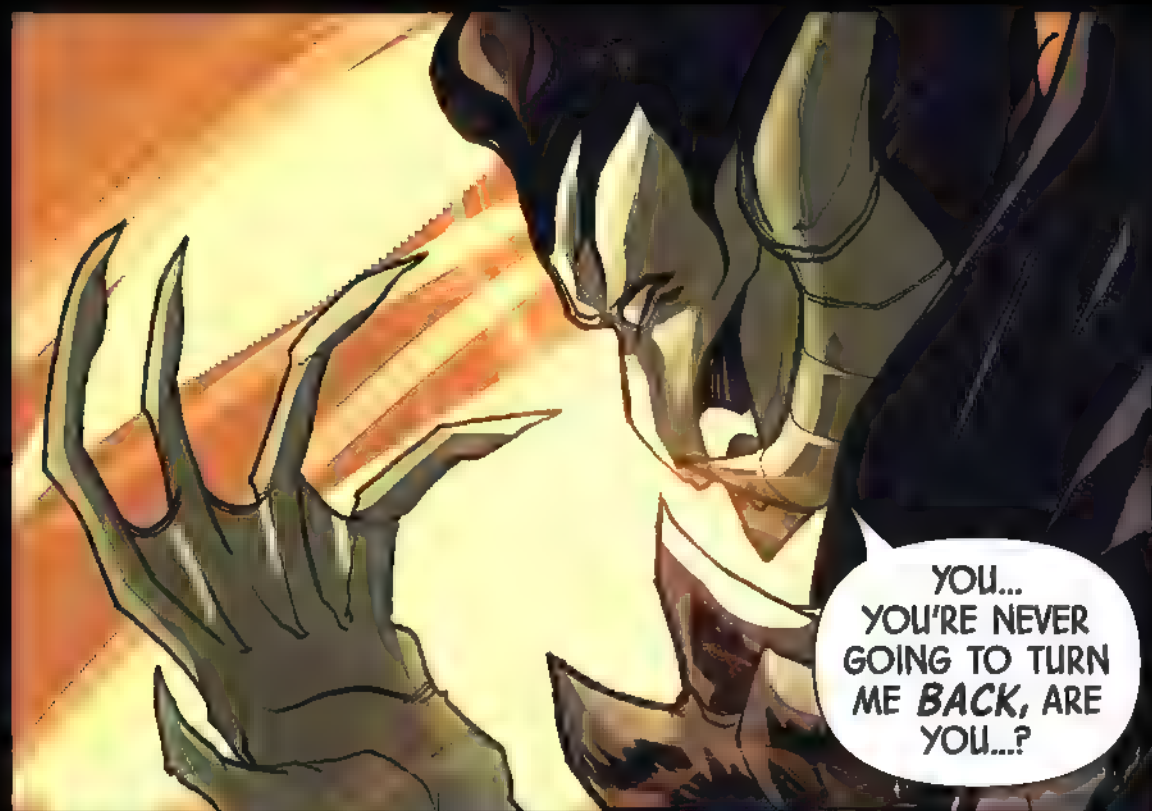
--NNAHHH!

THAT'S
MORE LIKE
IT!









YOU...
YOU'RE NEVER
GOING TO TURN
ME **BACK**, ARE
YOU...?



OH, YOU
DISGUSTING LITTLE
CHILD...YOU HAVE
NO IDEA.

CREATURES...
**KILL THEM
ALL.**



YOU KNOW
WHAT?

I JUST
REALLY WANNA **KILL
YOU ALL!**



YOU...
YOU'RE NEVER
GOING TO TURN
ME **BACK**, ARE
YOU...?



OH, YOU
DISGUSTING LITTLE
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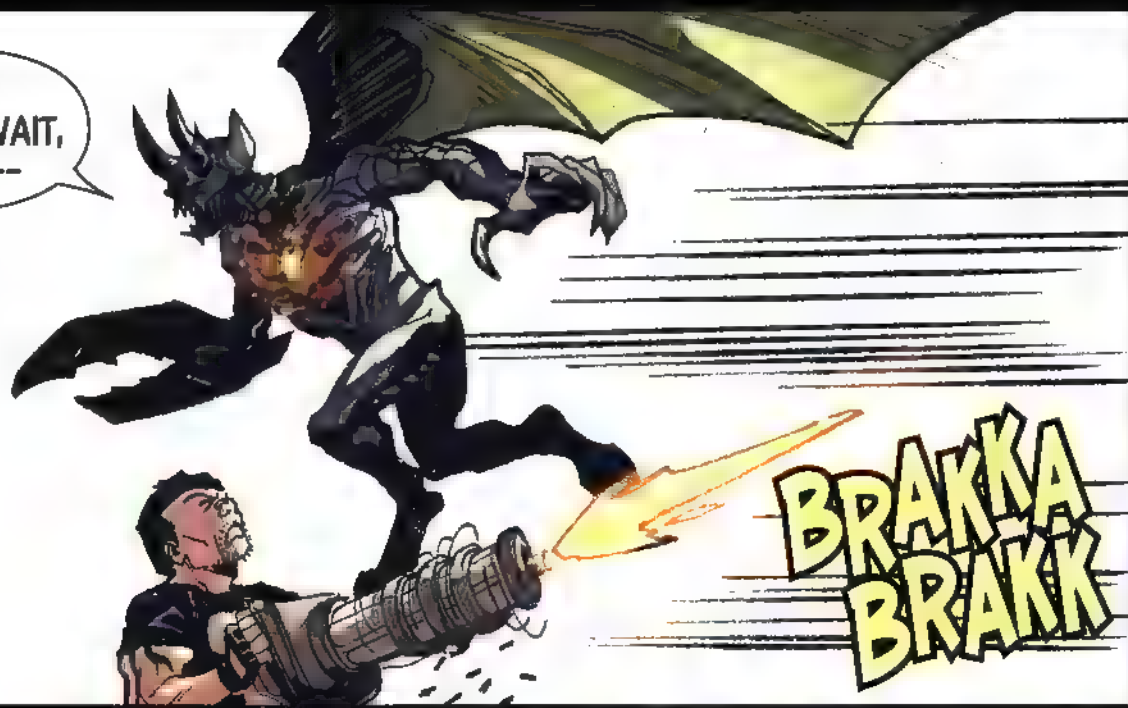
I JUST
REALLY WANNA **KILL
YOU ALL!**



GO
FOR IT.

**BRAKKA
BRAKA**

NAW,
YOU CAN WAIT,
PUNISHER--





NAW,
YOU CAN WAIT,
PUNISHER--

**BRAKKA
BRAKK**



--I'M GONNA
KING KONG THIS
BIPLANE!

I CAN FEEL IT IN EVERY
VEIN THE MAGIC ONCE
FLOWED THROUGH.

LIKE I TOLD FRANK--
THERE IS MORE TO
THIS THAN MEETS
THE EYE.



NAW,
YOU CAN WAIT,
PUNISHER--


**BRAKKA
BRAKK**



--I'M GONNA
KING KONG THIS
BIPLANE!

I CAN FEEL IT IN EVERY
VEIN THE MAGIC ONCE
FLOWED THROUGH.

LIKE I TOLD FRANK--
THERE IS MORE TO
THIS THAN MEETS
THE EYE.



OH,
STEWARDESS!
I'D LIKE A
REFILL!


AHH!
STOWAWAY!

THIS IS GOING TO
TURN VERY BAD. I ONLY
HOPE FRANK CAN GRASP
THIS, TOO.









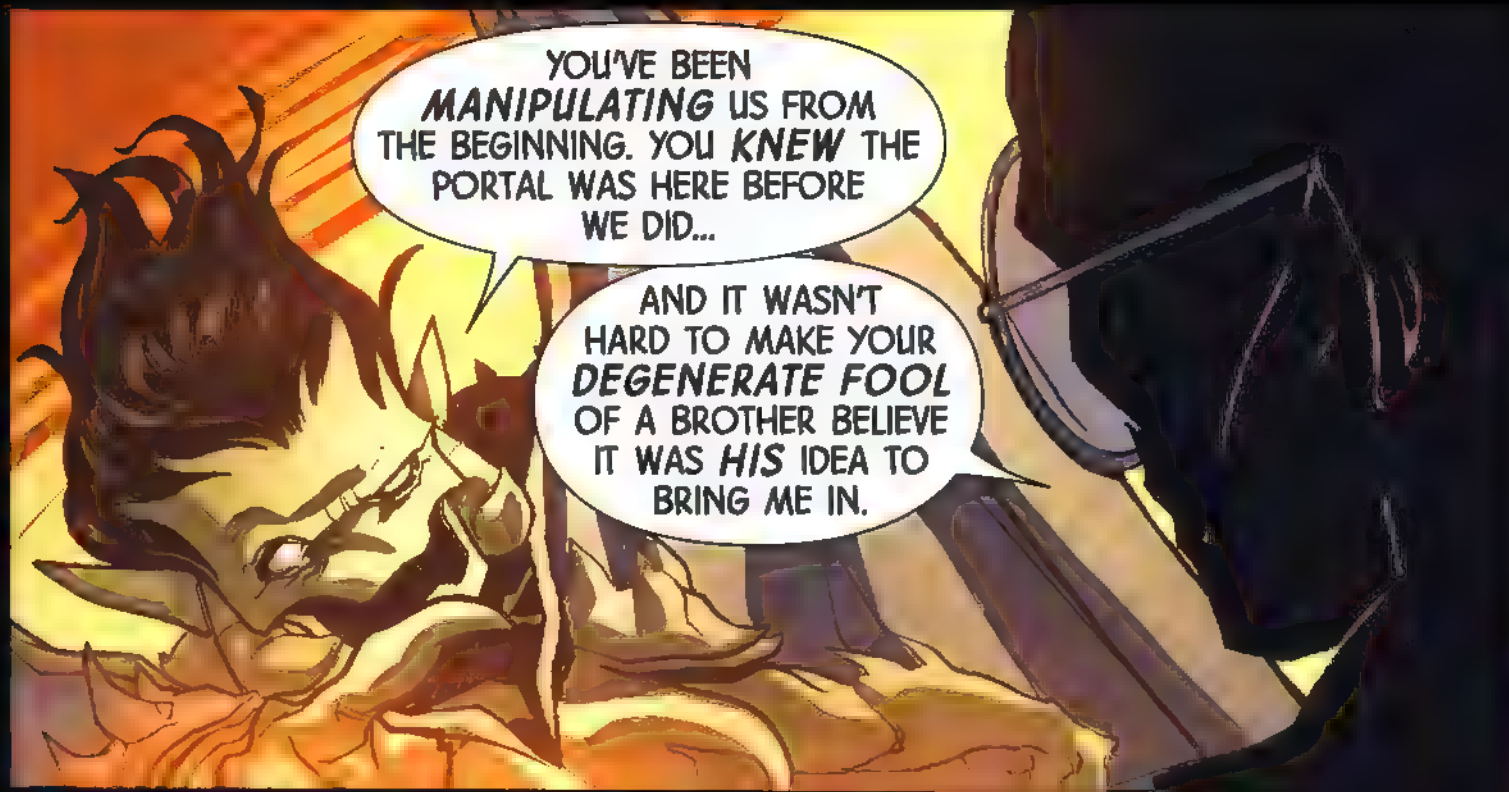
YOU'VE BEEN
MANIPULATING US FROM
THE BEGINNING. YOU **KNEW** THE
PORTAL WAS HERE BEFORE
WE DID...

AND IT WASN'T
HARD TO MAKE YOUR
DEGENERATE FOOL
OF A BROTHER BELIEVE
IT WAS **HIS** IDEA TO
BRING ME IN.



YOU
MISBEGOTTEN
CHILDREN OF FOREIGN
CRIMINALS...

...BRINGING
YOUR DIRT TO MY SHORES--
YOU'RE NO DIFFERENT THAN THESE
GIBBERING CREATURES
FROM AN **ACCURSED**
REALITY.



YOU'VE BEEN
MANIPULATING US FROM
THE BEGINNING. YOU **KNEW** THE
PORTAL WAS HERE BEFORE
WE DID...

AND IT WASN'T
HARD TO MAKE YOUR
DEGENERATE FOOL
OF A BROTHER BELIEVE
IT WAS **HIS** IDEA TO
BRING ME IN.



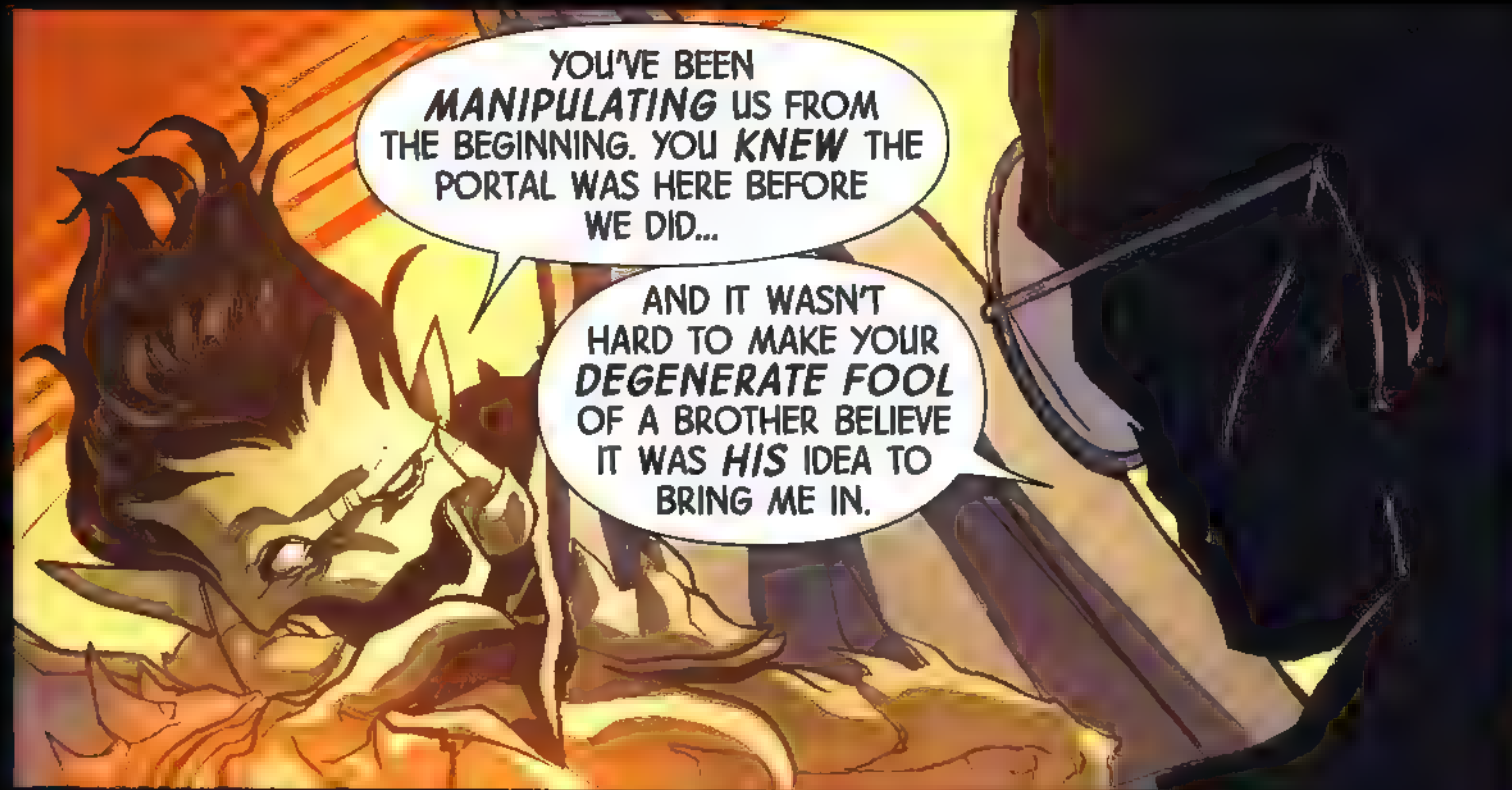
YOU
MISBEGOTTEN
CHILDREN OF FOREIGN
CRIMINALS...

...BRINGING
YOUR DIRT TO MY SHORES--
YOU'RE NO DIFFERENT THAN THESE
GIBBERING CREATURES
FROM AN **ACCURSED**
REALITY.



RRRRRGH!
YESSS!

MORE!



YOU'VE BEEN
MANIPULATING US FROM
THE BEGINNING. YOU **KNEW** THE
PORTAL WAS HERE BEFORE
WE DID...

AND IT WASN'T
HARD TO MAKE YOUR
DEGENERATE FOOL
OF A BROTHER BELIEVE
IT WAS **HIS** IDEA TO
BRING ME IN.



YOU
MISBEGOTTEN
CHILDREN OF FOREIGN
CRIMINALS...

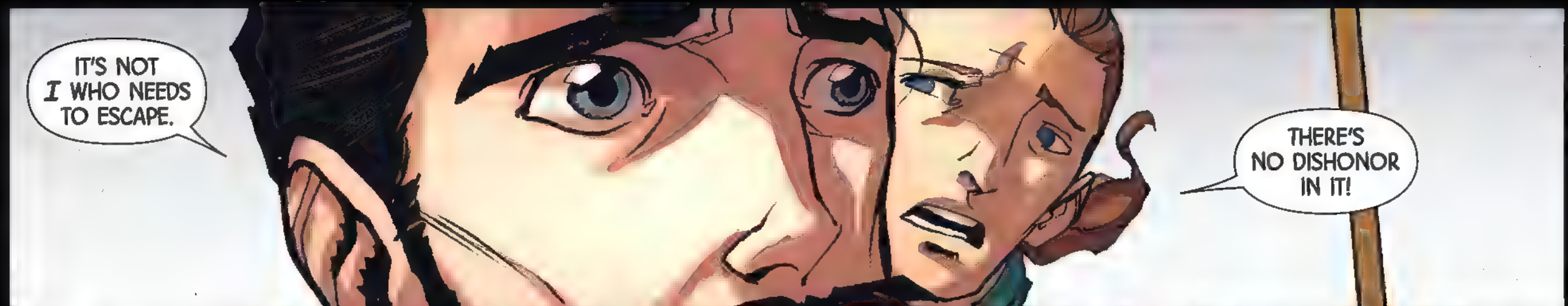
...BRINGING
YOUR DIRT TO MY SHORES--
YOU'RE NO DIFFERENT THAN THESE
GIBBERING CREATURES
FROM AN **ACCURSED**
REALITY.



GIVE ME
MORE!

OH, NO. OF COURSE...
I SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING.






YOU MADE
A MISTAKE,
MANGROVE--
MAKING *ME* THIS
POWERFUL!




YOU MADE
A MISTAKE,
MANGROVE--
MAKING *ME* THIS
POWERFUL!

SCRUNK





YOU MADE
A MISTAKE,
MANGROVE--
MAKING *ME* THIS
POWERFUL!




SCRUNK




THE FIRST RULE
OF *ANYTHING* IS TO
NEVER GIVE MORE THAN
YOU *KEEP*.

THE GIANT
IS *WEAK*, YES. BY *HIS*
STANDARDS.



YOU MADE
A MISTAKE,
MANGROVE--
MAKING *ME* THIS
POWERFUL!



SCRUNK



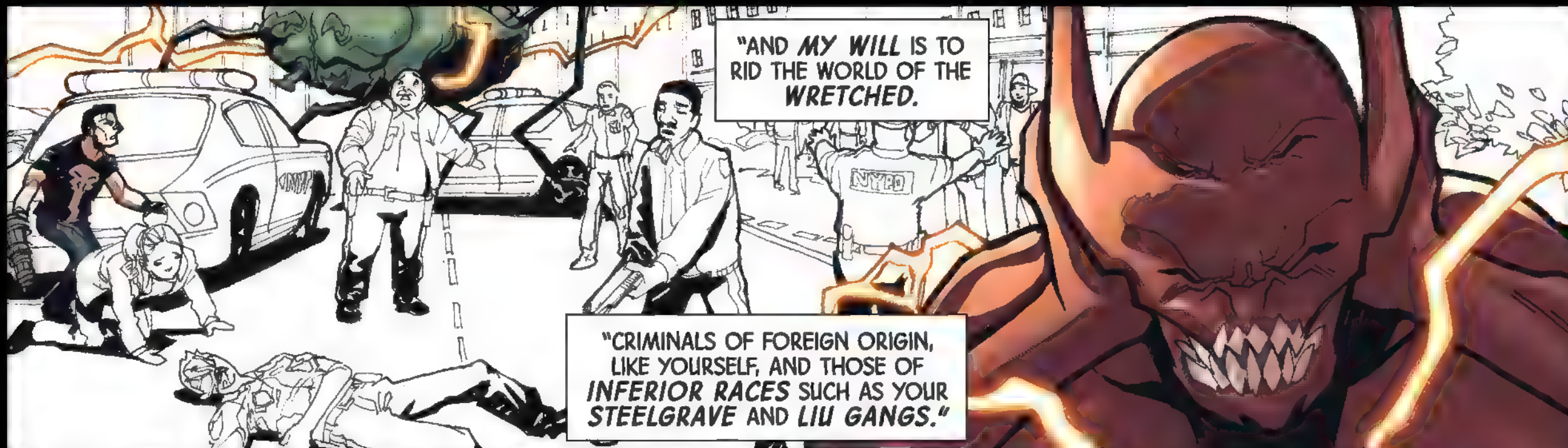
THE FIRST RULE
OF *ANYTHING* IS TO
NEVER GIVE MORE THAN
YOU *KEEP*.

THE GIANT
IS *WEAK*, YES. BY *HIS*
STANDARDS.

THE *PATHETIC* PART IS, YOU REALLY THOUGHT
I WOULD SQUANDER MY ENERGY FOR YOUR
PETTY GANG FIGHTS.

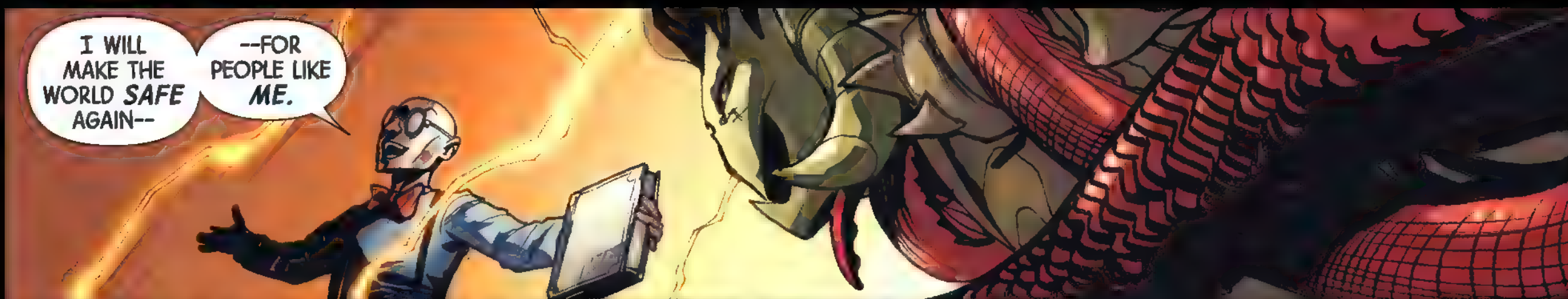
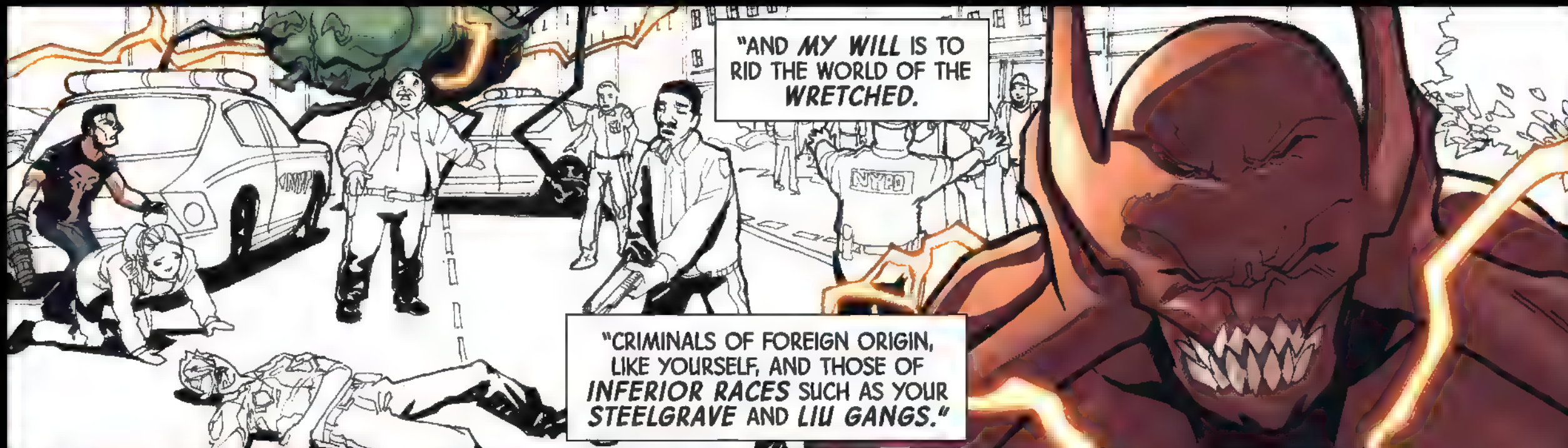
I USE
THESE HIDEOUS
SPECTRES AS *MY KIND*
HAS ALWAYS USED THE
INFERIOR--

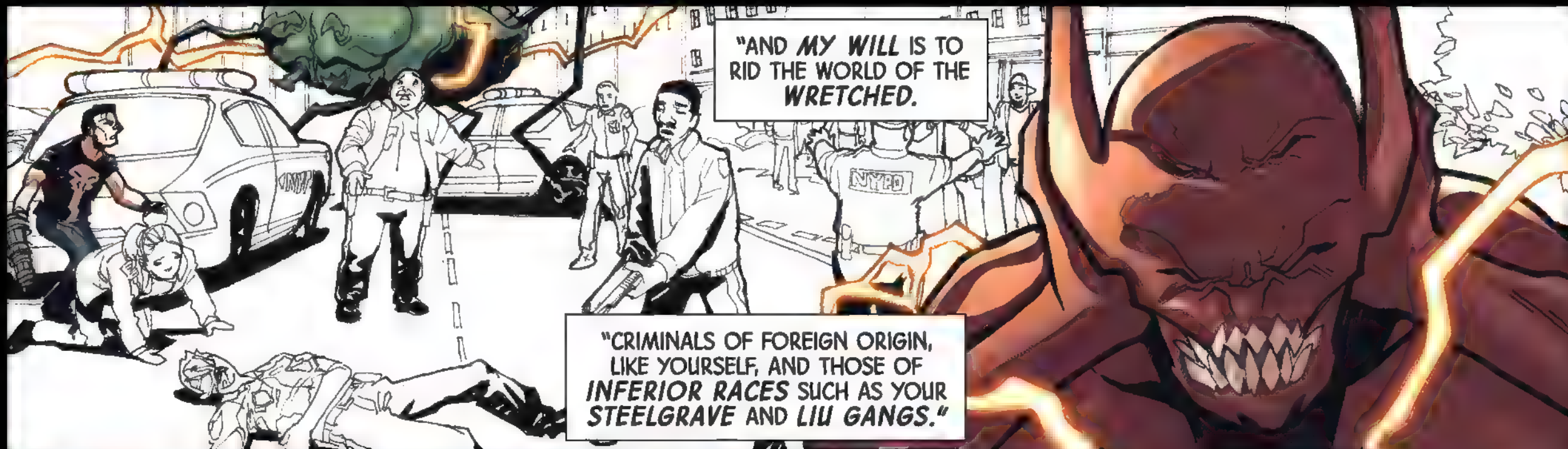
--THEY DO
MY WILL, THEN
SHAMBLE OFF TO OBLIVION,
THEIR FOETID STENCH
POISONING REALITY
NO LONGER.



"AND MY WILL IS TO
RID THE WORLD OF THE
WRETCHED."

"CRIMINALS OF FOREIGN ORIGIN,
LIKE YOURSELF, AND THOSE OF
INFERIOR RACES SUCH AS YOUR
STEELGRAVE AND LIU GANGS."





"--IS A *BODY*
COUNT."

READY TO
DIE, DOC?





"---IS A BODY
COUNT."

READY TO
DIE, DOC?



I'M
SORRY.

I TRIED.
I REALLY
DID.



THE PUNISHER
WOULDN'T HAVE
EVEN TRIED.

WHAT--
ARRGH!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?!
IT BURNS!



I'M
SORRY.

I TRIED.
I REALLY
DID.









HOLY
CATS.

UH...

...ANYBODY
THERE?





OH,
MAN...





...BUT I
REALLY WISH THE
PUNISHER WAS
HERE.

TO BE CONTINUED!